



ALL IN

13+
TEEN 31

POISON IVY



WILSON
LEVEL
PRIANTO

MEMENTO MORI

JUSTICE SPINS INTO ACTION!



SONIC™

THE HEDGEHOG



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RINGS COLLIDE AND WORLDS UNITE IN THIS EPIC 5-ISSUE CROSSOVER EVENT FROM
WRITER **IAN FLYNN** AND ARTIST **ADAM BRYCE THOMAS**

COVER ART BY **PABLO M. COLLAR**



GO FAST! **STARTING IN MARCH**

*I've been having
dreams again.*

*The kind of technicolor
fever dreams I used to
have when I was infested
with the lamia spores.*

*The kind where
you're never sure
whether you're
asleep or awake.*

*do not forget,
your duty,
to the grey,
and to the
green.*

*I DON'T
EVEN KNOW
WHERE TO
START. BOG
VENUS THINKS I'M
THE REASON THE
GREY AND THE
GREEN ARE AT
WAR AGAIN.*

*you are,
but,
you are also,
our best hope,
for peace.*



if bog
venus
will not
listen,
there are
others,
who will.

UNHH



...PAM?
YOU OKAY?

NIGHTMARE?

I don't
know.

I don't
know.



WHAT DO YOU CALL A DREAM ABOUT
A CREATURE THAT **TERRIFIES** YOU,
BUT IS ALSO WEIRDLY **ATTRACTIVE**,
AND CAN SPEAK TO YOU THROUGH
YOUR **SKIN**, SO IT MIGHT NOT
BE A DREAM AT ALL?

I CALL THAT
AN AVERAGE
DAY AS YOUR
SIDEKICK.



Funny.

BUT I'M
NOT SURE
XYLON WOULD
SEE THE
HUMOR.

=Yaaaawn!:-

XYLON?
IS THAT SOME
KIND OF **ANTI-
HISTAMINE**?



NO, YOU BEAUTIFUL **AIRHEAD**,
XYLON IS A TEN-MILLION-YEAR-OLD
MANIFESTATION OF ALL **FLUNGAL**
LIFE ON EARTH.

Oh. That
sounds super
interesting.

AND
YOU, LIKE...
**TALK TO THIS
CREATURE?**
ABOUT...
STUFF?

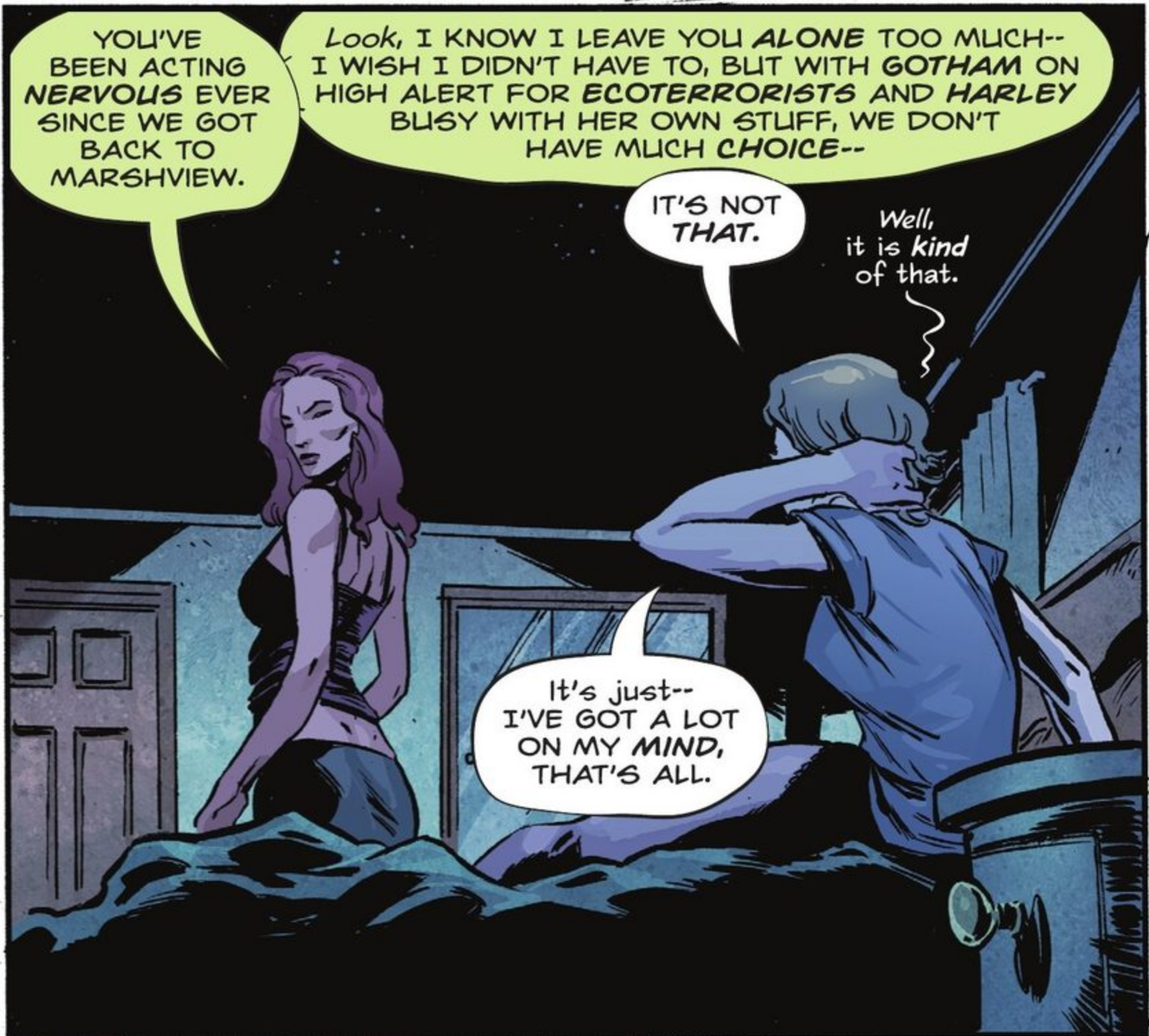




WHY ARE YOU SUDDENLY SO INTERESTED?

AND WHAT ARE YOU FIDDLING WITH IN THAT DRAWER?

NOTHING!
NO REASON!



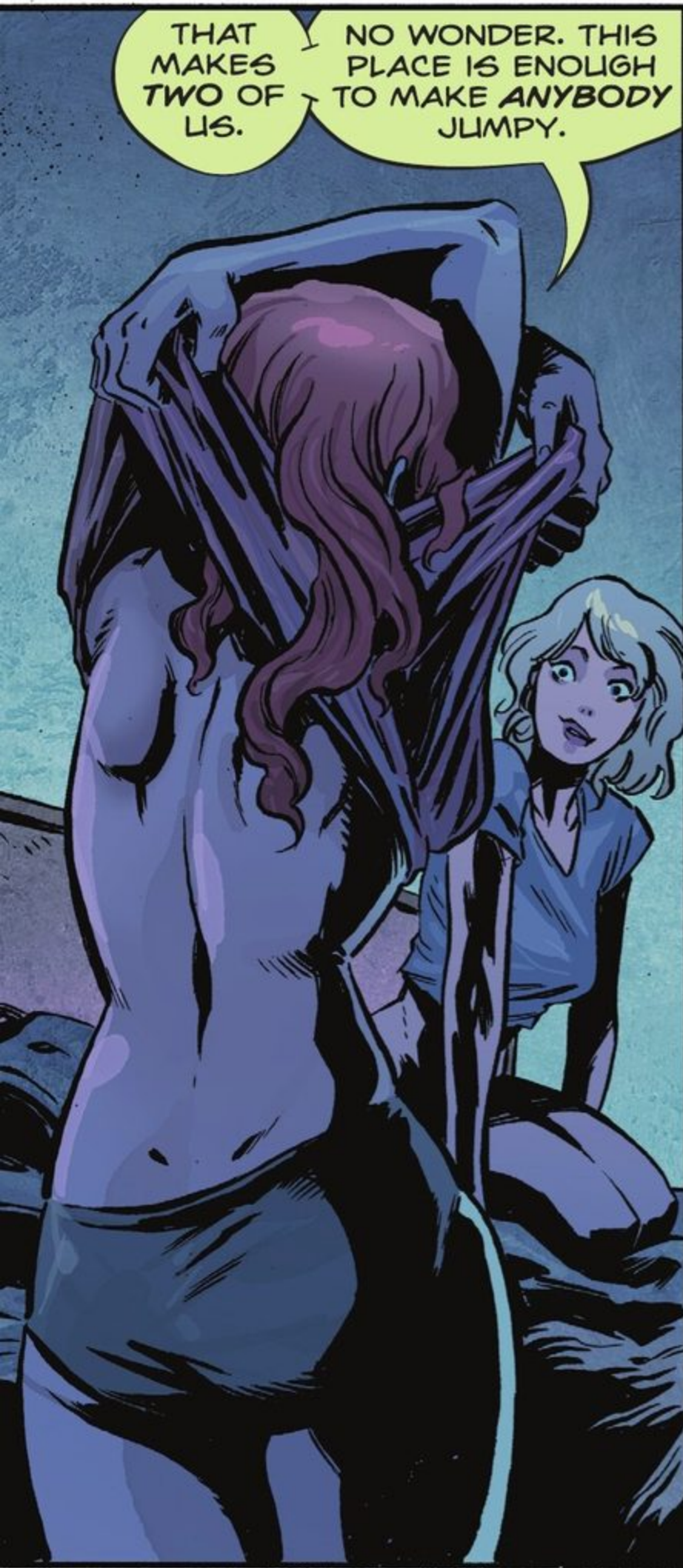
YOU'VE BEEN ACTING NERVOUS EVER SINCE WE GOT BACK TO MARSHVIEW.

Look, I KNOW I LEAVE YOU ALONE TOO MUCH-- I WISH I DIDN'T HAVE TO, BUT WITH GOTHAM ON HIGH ALERT FOR ECOTERRORISTS AND HARLEY BUSY WITH HER OWN STUFF, WE DON'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE--

IT'S NOT THAT.

Well, it is kind of that.

It's just-- I'VE GOT A LOT ON MY MIND, THAT'S ALL.



THAT MAKES TWO OF US.

NO WONDER. THIS PLACE IS ENOUGH TO MAKE ANYBODY JUMPY.



YEAH. MUST BE ALL THE BLACK MOLD.



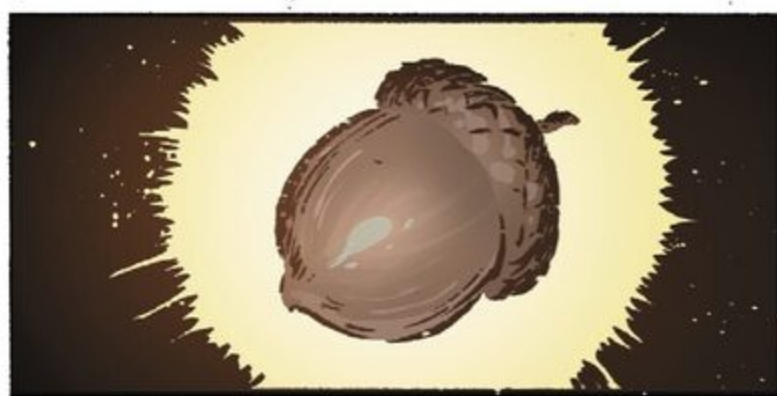
THERE'S NO GOOD DATA SHOWING COMMON HOUSEHOLD MOLD CAUSES SERIOUS HEALTH PROBLEMS UNLESS YOU'VE GOT A SEVERE ALLERGY.

IT'S NOT THE MOLD, IT'S THE STRESS OF LIVING IN A CAPITALIST SOCIETY AND EATING FOOD CONTAMINATED WITH MICROPLASTICS ALL DAY.

...yeah. You're probably right.



It's a mistake to think most people are fundamentally honest.



Most people are just bad at lying.

Pam?

Mm?

There is--
THERE IS SOMETHING BOTHERING ME, ACTUALLY.



OKAY?

I--I CAN'T STAY IN THIS AWFUL PLACE ANYMORE. THAT THING WE SAW ON THE ROOFTOPS... IT'S WATCHING US. HUNTING US.

I CAN'T JUST EXPECT CROC TO SIT AROUND AND PROTECT ME ALL DAY-- HE'S GOT STUFF TO DO.

I don't understand *what* exactly, but--



JANET.

I'M GOING TO FIX IT.

REALLY?

I PROMISE. AND THEN I'LL STRAIGHTEN OUT THE ORDER OF THE GREEN KNIGHT SO WE CAN GO BACK HOME. OKAY?



I don't tell her that it isn't for her sake that I need to save this town from whatever is haunting it.

HOW ARE YOU GOING TO DO ALL THAT BY YOURSELF?

I'M NOT GOING TO DO IT ALL BY MYSELF. I'M GOING TO BRING IN THE ONE GUY WHO CAN HELP.

I don't tell her about my new diplomatic position.

A man with a blue flower head, wearing a dark suit and tie, stands on a paved path that leads into a surreal landscape. The path is flanked by large, stylized flowers and trees. In the background, there are rolling hills and a large, swirling, storm-like cloud formation in the sky. A briefcase sits on the path near the man.

Because I'm
good at lying.

It keeps me from
becoming a better
person, but it helps
me do my job.

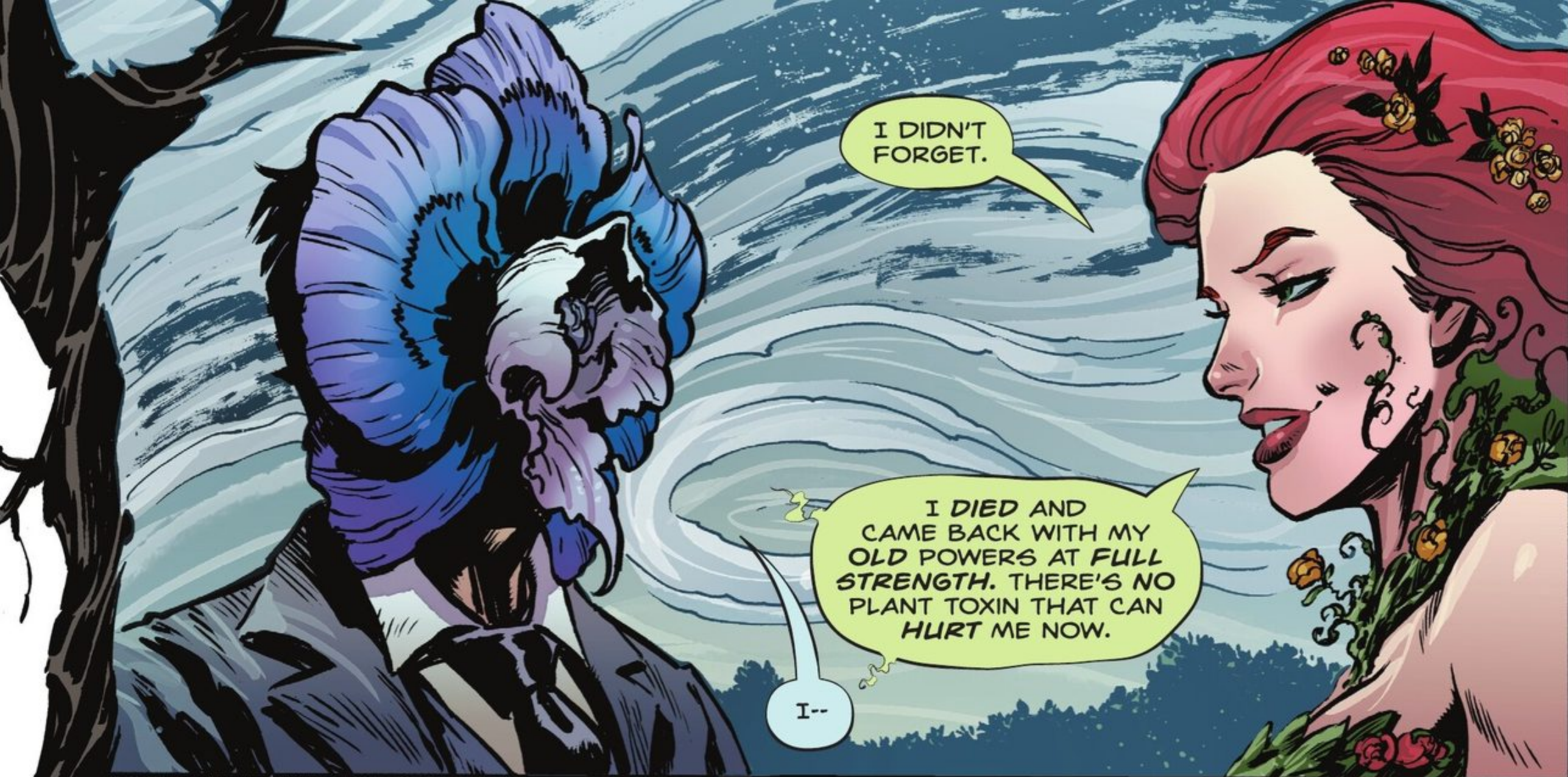
PETER
LUNDINE, LOOKING
AS FRESH AS A
ROSE. I'M **FLATTERED**
YOU ACTUALLY
SHOWED UP.

DID YOU
THINK I
WOULDN'T?

I THOUGHT
THE CHANCES
WERE ABOUT
**FIFTY-
FIFTY.**

SORRY I
DOUBTED
YOU.

I--
YOU'VE
FORGOTTEN
I CAN'T BE
TOUCHED.



I DIDN'T FORGET.

I DIED AND CAME BACK WITH MY OLD POWERS AT FULL STRENGTH. THERE'S NO PLANT TOXIN THAT CAN HURT ME NOW.

I--



Hnnh. I HAD FORGOTTEN WHAT WILLING FLESH FEELS LIKE...

LET'S... NOT GET TOO EXCITED. WE HAVE WORK TO DO.



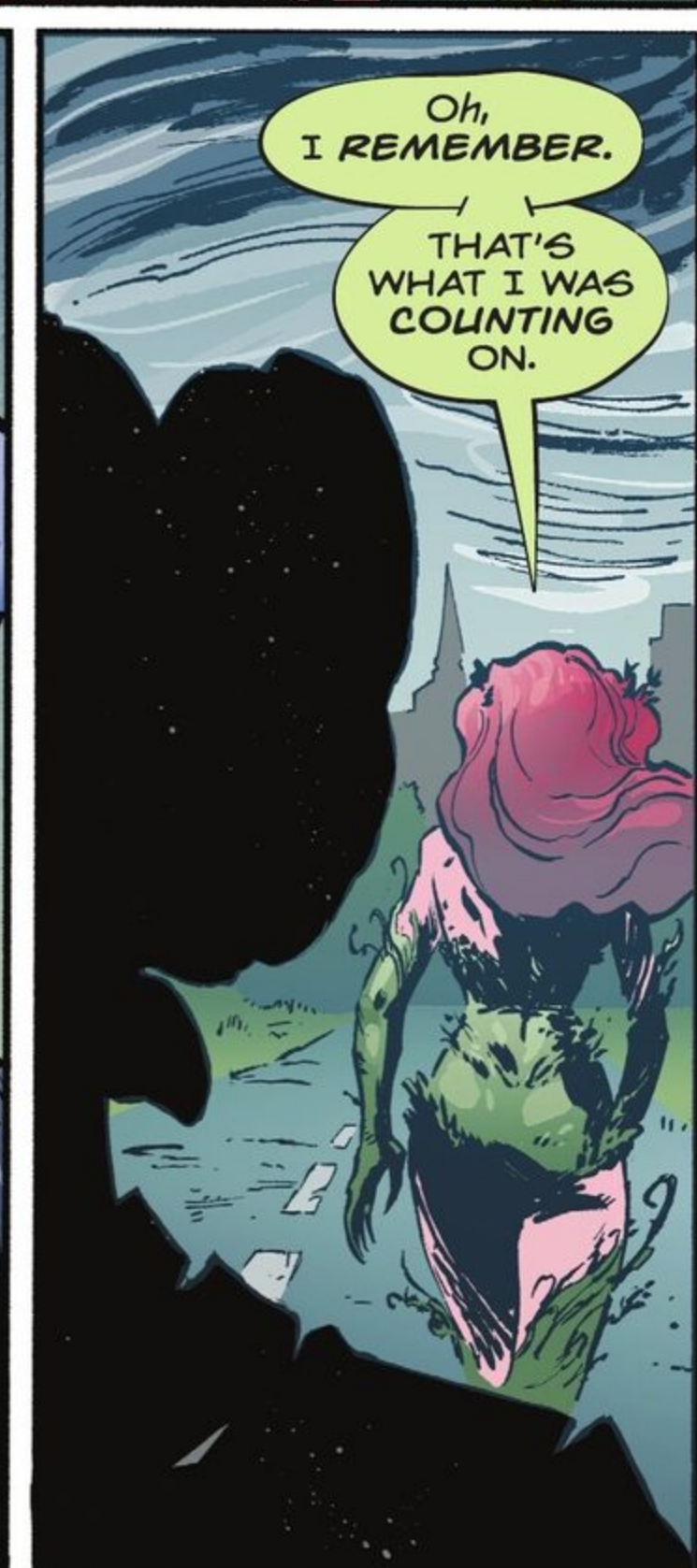
...WORK. YES.

THIS PLACE WAS DIFFICULT TO FIND, EVEN FOR ME. YOU AND YOUR QUIANT LITTLE TOWN SEEM TO BE LOST IN THE MIST.



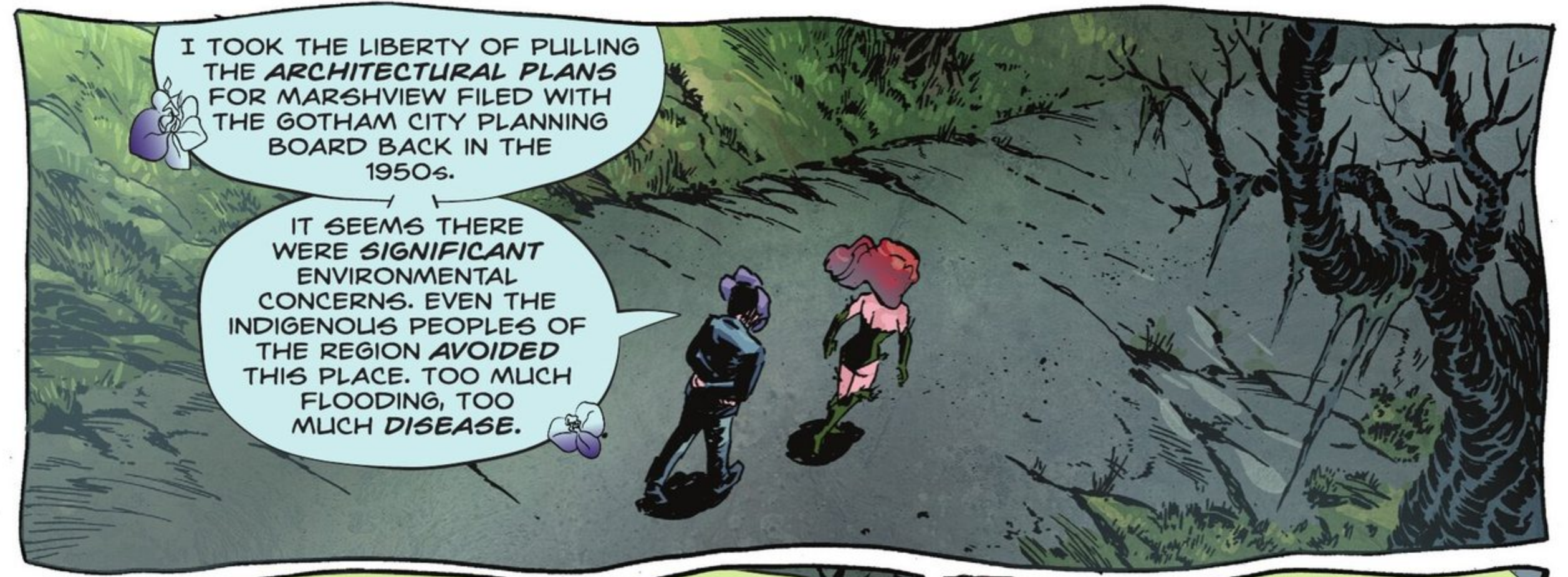
BUT NO MATTER.

STRUCTURES THAT MISBEHAVE THEMSELVES ARE SOMETHING OF A SPECIALTY OF MINE.



Oh, I REMEMBER.

THAT'S WHAT I WAS COUNTING ON.



I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF PULLING THE **ARCHITECTURAL PLANS** FOR MARSHVIEW FILED WITH THE GOTHAM CITY PLANNING BOARD BACK IN THE 1950s.

IT SEEMS THERE WERE **SIGNIFICANT** ENVIRONMENTAL CONCERNS. EVEN THE INDIGENOUS PEOPLES OF THE REGION **AVOIDED** THIS PLACE. TOO MUCH FLOODING, TOO MUCH DISEASE.



THAT MUST BE WHY I **LIKE** IT SO MUCH HERE.

THE TOWN MIGHT BE HAUNTED. BUT THE BOG IS JUST BEING A **BOG**.

NOT TRYING TO BE **BEAUTIFUL**. NOT TRYING TO BE **NICE**. JUST QUIETLY SUSTAINING LIFE ITSELF.



AND YOU WOULD LIKE TO DO **WHAT** TO IT, EXACTLY?

I NEED TO FIGURE OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PEOPLE WHO **LIVED** HERE BEFORE THE TOWN SANK INTO THE **SWAMP**.

IF I CAN DO **THAT**, I CAN FIND OUT WHO OR WHAT IS **LURKING** IN THE SHADOWS TRYING TO SCARE **JANET-FROM-HR** TO DEATH.



THIS PLACE HAS BEEN... GOOD TO ME. IT'S HIDDEN ME FROM THE COPS AND THE BATS IN GOTHAM. IT BENT TIME AND SPACE TO GET ME TO **SEATTLE**...

...IT'S **SPECIAL**, SOMEHOW. **AWARE**.



IT MUST **LIKE** YOU. THIS **BOG** OF YOURS.

WHICH IS MORE THAN I CAN SAY FOR ALL THE PEOPLE WHO **DIED** HERE.

WHAT **KILLED** THEM? DISEASE?

...**MURDER**?



A MORE INTERESTING QUESTION IS...

...WHO BURIED THEM?

SOME-ONE WENT TO A LOT OF TROUBLE TO DIG THESE GRAVES.

LET'S SEE WHETHER THE GRAVES THEMSELVES HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY...

Nnngh--



WAIT-- WHAT'S GOING ON--

THIS IS GOING TO HURT.



THE GRAVES...

...HAVE QUITE A LOT TO SAY...

Mmmph!



Undine's strange abilities
feel like cousins of my
own. **Related**, but not
closely enough to be
immediately familiar.

He's pulling us
through the crude
intersection of
natural and man-
made environments,
to see what they
both remember.

Wood and
water.
Concrete
and steel.

These marshes
are so old
they can almost
speak. There
is a power here
that exists in
few places.

No one was
supposed to
build here.



But as Gotham grew, and the men working in the new skyscrapers needed a place to live--

--builders started looking to the marshland outside the city.

Sure, there was the small obstacle of draining all the water and damming up the estuary and sinking the foundations, but they were certain it wouldn't be a problem.



This was the modern world. Man had conquered nature.



The marshland had no idea what was coming.

For centuries, human beings had left it alone. Now, in the course of a few days, it was overrun by machines.



Its long, peaceful slumber became a nightmare.



For a time, the men
in the skyscrapers
of Gotham thought
they had won.

The dream that was
Marshview grew out of
the mud of the swamp.

But the
water always
came back.

The marshes around
Gotham are tidal,
and not even men in
skyscrapers can
hold back the sea.

The marshland
thought it had
driven out the
intruders.



But with money
on the line, they
were not so easily
discouraged.

Instead of
building up,
they went
down.

Down into
the earth.

Digging a complex
system of pumps
and drains to keep
the water out.

When they were done, they congratulated themselves.

MARSHVIEW *A Town for the Future!*

The wilderness was not so untamable after all.

SNIP

WELCOME HOME!

They thought they could have it all. The white picket fences. The green grass.

Plenty of space, but close enough to commute to the city.



But the Green remembers.



Slowly, the swamp began to reclaim the town of Marshview.



The ground split. Swamp gas began to poison the air.



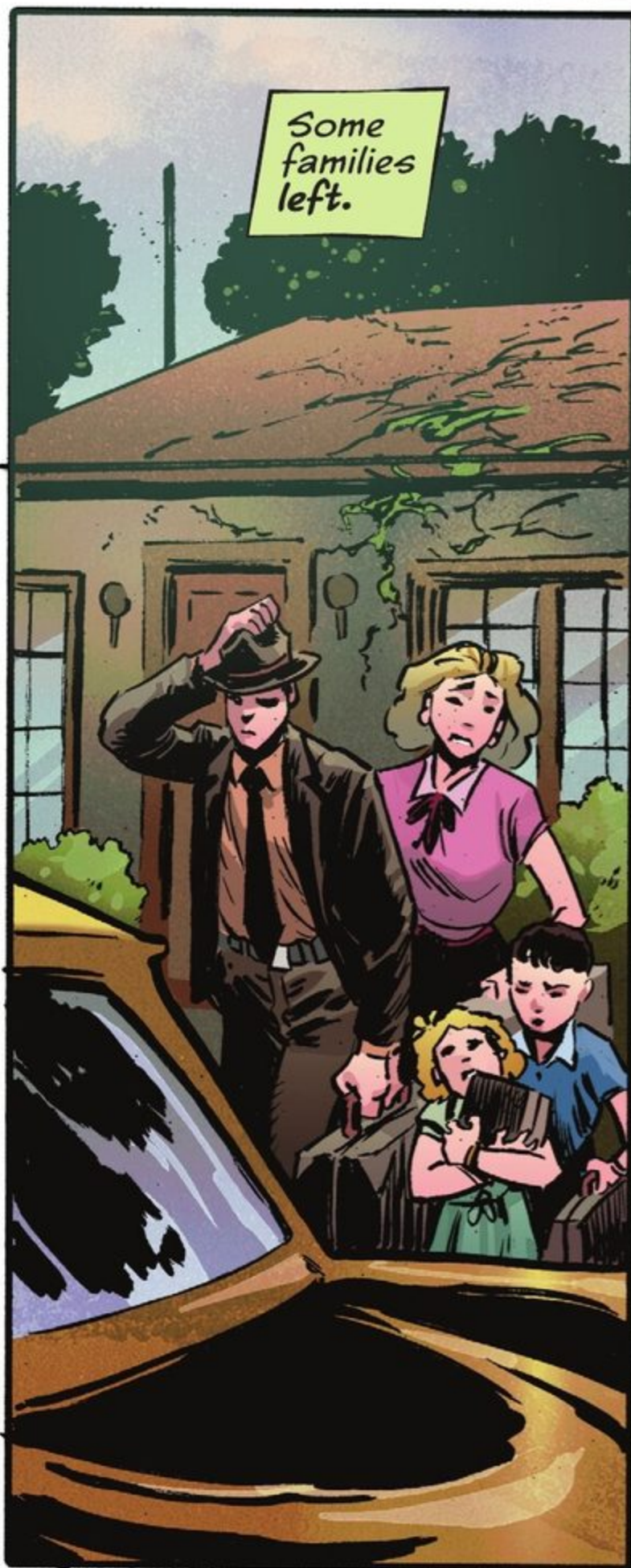
People began to get sick.



But the dream that was Marshview refused to die. So much time and money had already been spent, sunk into the reluctant soil.

It was impossible to believe the earth wouldn't just... bend to their will.

Some families left.



But most stayed in Marshview.

They had worked so hard for this little piece of the **American Dream**. Emptied their savings. Borrowed from the bank.



It was cheaper to stay than to leave.



Cheaper in dollars, anyway.

When the water overwhelmed the town's drainage system, it was too late for them to change their minds.





Human civilization
begins and ends
with water.

Not enough,
and you
starve or burn.

Too much
and you
drown.

But those who
survived the first
year in Marshview--

--survived the
rot and the
floods--

--didn't
drown.

They suffocated.

As they were
poisoned by
swamp gas,
they saw eyes
looking out
at them from
between
the trees.

They became
convinced they
were being
watched.



And maybe they were.

A medical examiner might try to tell you they finally succumbed to the bad air.

But these marshes are a nexus, an ancient fork in the path of life where the Green is strong.

They were being watched.

By the trees.

The grasses.

The water.

Their own deaths.

THUNK

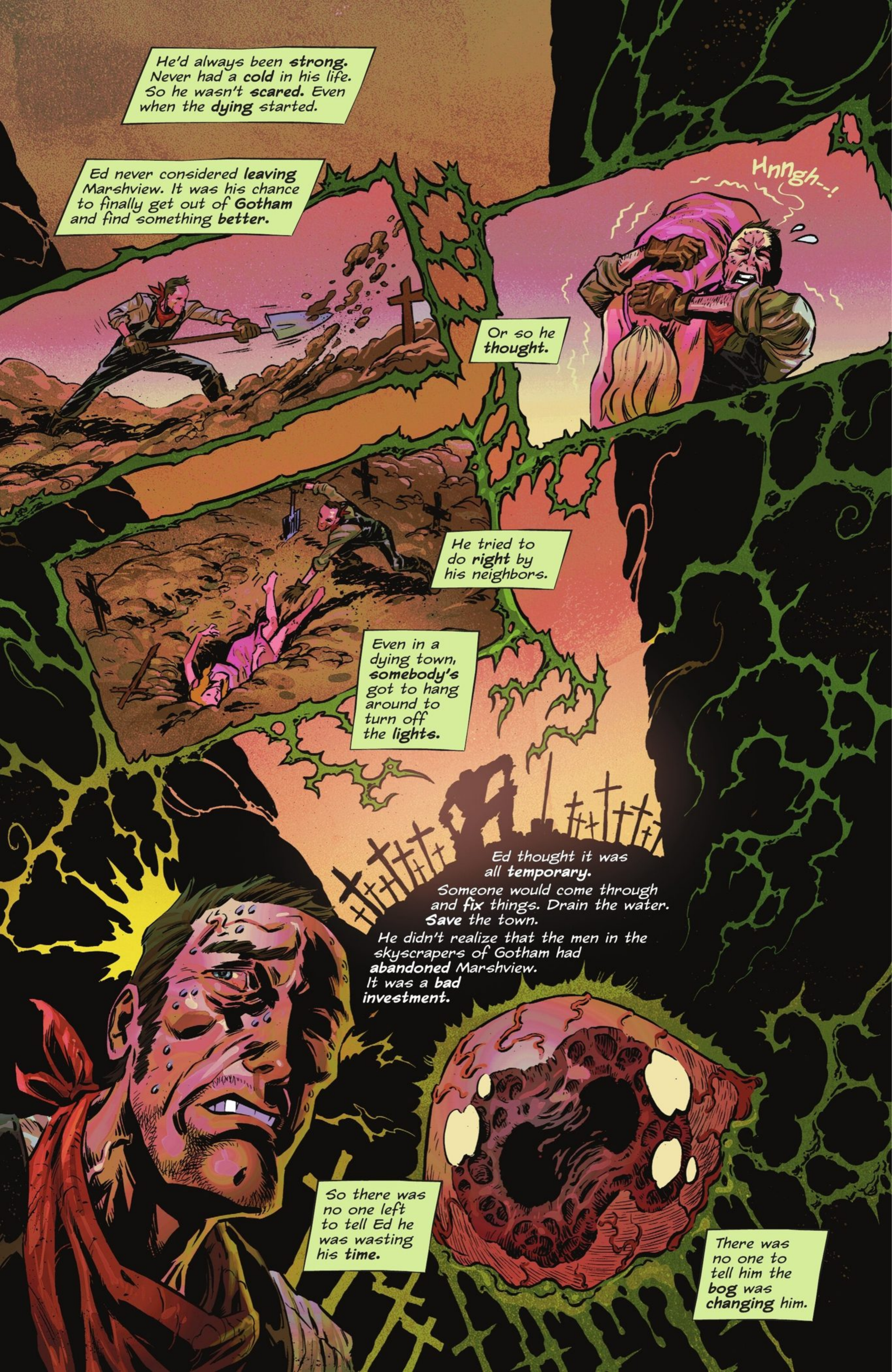
Except for one.

His name was Ed Cooper.

Ed was a janitor by trade.

Somehow, the things affecting everyone else in Marshview never affected Ed.

Not the toxic mold or the poisonous gases or the rising floodwaters.



He'd always been strong.
Never had a cold in his life.
So he wasn't scared. Even
when the dying started.

Ed never considered leaving
Marshview. It was his chance
to finally get out of Gotham
and find something better.

Or so he
thought.

He tried to
do right by
his neighbors.

Even in a
dying town,
somebody's
got to hang
around to
turn off
the lights.

Ed thought it was
all temporary.

Someone would come through
and fix things. Drain the water.
Save the town.

He didn't realize that the men in the
skyscrapers of Gotham had
abandoned Marshview.
It was a bad
investment.

So there was
no one left
to tell Ed he
was wasting
his time.

There was
no one to
tell him the
bog was
changing him.



Soon there
was nothing
left at all.

Not the
people. Not
the town.

Not even
Ed Cooper.



Until I raised
it all out of
the water.

And things
that should
have stayed
hidden beneath
the waterline
woke up.



UGH!

Nngh--
--ARE YOU
HURT?

I--
I might
be.



I--I THINK THE
MARSHES WANT ME TO...
TO CONFRONT WHATEVER
IS LEFT OF MARSHVIEW.
ONLY THEN CAN THE
WETLANDS FULLY
HEAL.

LIKE A
WILD ANIMAL
THAT COMES TO THE
DOOR TO SHOW YOU
THE THORN IN ITS PAW.

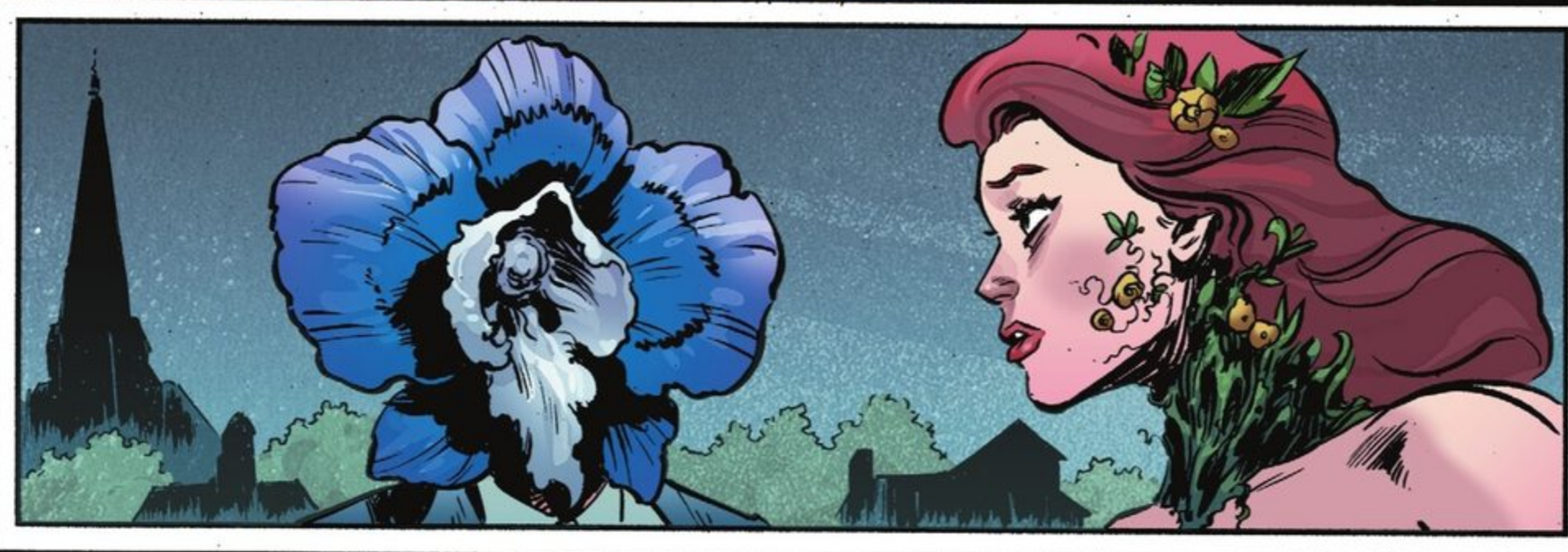


PERHAPS THE
SWAMP IS *WRONG*.
A PLACE LIKE *THIS*...
WHERE THE NATURAL
AND THE ARTIFICIAL
FUSE INTO ONE *HYBRID*
WAY OF BEING...
SHOULD BE
PRESERVED AND
STUDIED.

AS YOU
KNOW, I AM
INTERESTED IN THE...
INTERSECTION
BETWEEN WHAT
HUMANKIND CAN
BUILD AND WHAT
NATURE CAN
BEAR.

AND YOU
KNOW HOW
EXPERIMENTS LIKE
THIS *END*. YOU SAW
WHAT HAPPENED TO
YOUR *TOWER*--
AND WHAT IT DID
TO YOU.

BUT SOME PART
OF YOU *STILL* THINKS
THERE'S A MAGIC BULLET--
A NEW BUILDING MATERIAL, A
NEW *FUEL*, SOMETHING THAT
WILL LET PEOPLE *IGNORE*
WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THIS
PLANET AND GO ON OVER-
CONSUMING--





...WELL,
IF NOTHING
ELSE, WE'VE
FIGURED OUT
WHAT JANET'S
MONSTER
IS.

The thorn in the
swamp's
wounded paw.

Ed Cooper.
Still alive.

If you can
call it living.

POISON IVY

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE.

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NEXT:
DECISIONS,
DECISIONS

INSIDE THE TOWER, THE LIVING AND THE DEAD SPEAK AS ONE.

BATMAN ^{#4} DARK PATTERNS

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A DEADLY NEW CASE IN
THE DARK PATTERNS SAGA
FROM WRITER
DAN WATTERS
(NIGHTWING)
AND ARTIST
HAYDEN SHERMAN
(ABSOLUTE WONDER WOMAN)



MARCH

ABSOLUTE FLASH

In 2024, DC shocked the comics world with the introduction of the Absolute Universe and the launch of the smash-hit series *Absolute Batman*, *Absolute Wonder Woman*, and *Absolute Superman*.

Now it's 2025, and the evolution continues with three new series set in the Absolute Universe, starting with *Absolute Flash* from the acclaimed team of writer Jeff Lemire and artist Nick Robles. In *Absolute Flash*, readers will meet a Wally West finding his way as a hero in a very different world with the odds decidedly stacked against him.

In advance of *Absolute Flash* #1, here's a look at Lemire's mission statement for the series, along with early concept sketches by Robles.



Unlike the Flashes of the main DC Universe, our Wally West will not be bound by legacy or tied to any lineage of speedsters. He is completely alone, with no frame of reference for what is happening to him. The powers he has been given are not an instant gateway to adventure, but rather they are often terrifying. Wally has no idea what's happening to him and has no one to turn to.

The Speed Force is a major element of the Flash mythology, and something that ties all the DCU speedsters together. But the origin of Absolute Wally's powers will not be connected to the Speed Force in any way. The Absolute Universe has no Speed Force.

Wally's power comes from a mysterious entropic energy source, and every time he uses it, he leaves chaos in his wake, the laws of physics breaking down around him. He is a kid whose life is spinning out of control and who is struggling to control his new abilities. These powers manifest as a sort of sci-fi body horror, twisting and distorting his body in terrifying ways.

Our first year of stories will be very much about Wally's journey as he slowly learns to control and understand what's happening to him.



DON'T MISS **ABSOLUTE FLASH #1**, ON SALE IN MARCH!

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